UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Christmas Cards

(*A Post-Christmas Reflection*)

By ZONA GALE

Foreign Drama and Liberal Religion

By PAUL H. GRUMMANN

The Foreign Policies of the European Cabinets 1871 - 1914

By GEORGES DEMARTIAL

VOLUME C NUMBER 19

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A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

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UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1928 NUMBER 19

WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE

When I calmly think what is best in life, I see it is goodness, that which I feel to be good, which means restraint from spite, impurity, or greed, and which manifests itself in love. Goodness is more desirable than power. I set myself to gain goodness. I check all emotions towards its opposite and I reach out to contemplate itself. I try to find what that is of which I feel my impressions of goodness to be but a shadow. There is somewhere perfect goodness. I commence with ideas of goodness, which is equivalent to praying to God.

—Canon Barnett.

The last day of 1927 took one more of the UNITY editorial family. We refer to the Rev. HARRY FOSTER BURNS, Unitarian clergyman, and in recent years one of our editorial correspondents, who died suddenly on the morning of December 31st. His passing makes a total of four deaths in 1927, which marks it as the most disastrous year of personal losses that this paper has ever known. On this same day, died ALGERNON SIDNEY CRAPSEY, "the last of the heretics." An Episcopal clergyman of Rochester, N. Y., known for his piety, devotion, and social vision, Dr. Crapsey was brought to trial for alleged heresy on the question of the Virgin Birth. This trial was the great religious event of its time, and, resulting in conviction and dismissal from the church, made Dr. Crapsey one of the best known and best loved figures in this country. In later years, the theological heretic became a social heretic as well. In his old age, Dr. Crapsey was as thorough-going a radical as we have ever known. His occasional articles in the columns of this paper will be remembered by our readers. Other deaths in 1927, occurring since we published our list in the issue of January 2nd, include the following: M. SAZONOFF, Russian foreign minister in 1914, and now regarded with his colleague, Isvolsky, Russian ambassador in Paris, as the chief conspirator in the diplomatic plottings which precipitated the Great War; ELLEN M. STONE, missionary, whose capture by Balkan brigands stirred the entire Christian world some two decades ago; and ROBERT KEABLE, ex-clergyman and novelist, chiefly known as the author of the notorious story, "Simon Called Peter." With these names we complete our list of the famous dead of the year just gone. These names included no outstanding world figures, but they represented a loss more serious than that suffered in any single year for a considerable period of time.

We hope that the American people are enjoying the war down in Nicaragua! On the second day of the glad New Year, the report from the battle-front listed five men dead and twenty-three wounded. This looks like real war—indeed, the New York *Times* correspondent refers to this engagement as "the biggest battle in which American troops have participated since the World War." We do not recall that Congress has ever declared war against Nicaragua, or authorized the sending of marines to that unhappy little country. The whole thing, like President Wilson's war against Soviet Russia in 1919, is a private affair of the Coolidge administration. Yet good American boys are dying miserably in battle, and incidentally Nicaraguan towns and villages, with all their inhabitants, including women and children, are being blotted out in the most approved militaristic fashion. How long do we propose to stand for this illegal and outrageous business? How many more battles must be fought, how many more marines killed and wounded, before the President and his Secretary of State are called to account? We have infinitely less right in Nicaragua today than George III had in America in 1775. Under the dishonest pretext of protecting American lives, we have invaded the land of an unoffending neighbor, occupied its cities, laid waste its territories, slaughtered its inhabitants. Germany in Belgium, though on a vaster scale, did nothing worse than we are doing at this moment in Nicaragua. And a supine people lets the administration get away with an iniquity of this kind! We have no desire that American boys should anywhere be killed in battle, least of all in miserable jungle fights for sordid investors and adventurers of doubtful lineage. But these marines will not have died in vain, if their deaths arouse the American people to a fitting sense of outrage against what is being done, and induce them in no uncertain voice to cry "Halt." Joseph Lee, honored citizen of Boston, has recently written that America is all for peace in the abstract, but is seldom willing "to back up its ideals when it comes to practise." Nicaragua, with its dead and wounded, is an impressive case in point!

In the negotiations now going forward between the United States and France on the matter of a new arbitration treaty, it is difficult to determine whether the Briand proposal of outlawry of war as between the two countries is winning out or not. On the one hand, it is reported with a good deal of definiteness that the new treaty will ban war as a means of settling issues strictly Franco-American. Furthermore, it is understood that the new treaty will not only be open to other countries, but other countries will be, in effect, invited to adhere to it. This looks like Briand's idea as later amended by Senator Borah! On the other hand, however, it is stated that the new treaty will not make any mention of the outlawry of war as a principle, but will satisfy itself with extending the arbitration principle, as laid down in the old arbitration treaties, to *all* disputes between the nations concerned. A New York *Times* correspondent accurately points out that this marks, or will mark, "an important departure from American foreign policy in recent years"; to this extent at least it is to be regarded as a great gain. Especially is this the case if our government is proposing such universal arbitration, or anti-war, treaties with other great powers. But arbitration, even unlimited arbitration, is not outlawry! Such arbitration means, at the most and best, conciliatory action *inside* the war system, with this system still left intact to work its awful havoc the moment the arbitration method breaks down, or even threatens to break down. Are we never to understand that it is this war system under which we live—this institution of armed force, which we still recognize and sanctify to such a degree that we dare not yet even consider touching it, as the Israelites of old dared not touch the Ark—that it is *this* which we must abolish and destroy as the sure condition of peace? No indirect attack, however sweeping, can do the business we are after. It is not least among the virtues of the Levinson-Borah plan that it has made this fact clear.

It would really seem as though we were getting the best of the lynching problem in this country. Thus, last year (1927), according to information compiled by Tuskegee Institute, there were sixteen instances of lynching. This is fourteen less than the number (30) of lynchings for the year previous, 1926; one less than the number (17) for 1925; and the same as the previous low record (16) in 1924. This last figure represented a sudden drop in totals, which had been running high for years. The 1926 figure was a discouraging swing-back, but this year the sharp decrease is in evidence again, and is likely this time to be permanent. If it were not for past history, of course, these sixteen lynchings in 1927 would be a ghastly record. Any other civilized country but America would be stricken with shame and horror. But for us this figure is highly encouraging, for it shows that we are moving steadily, if not swiftly, toward the extinction of this monstrous evil. A decrease this year proportionate to that of last year will bring the end clearly in sight. Once this end is reached, some historian will have before him the task of studying and interpreting this amazing chapter of recrudescent barbarism. As an episode in the clash of races, it is a thing unparalleled, we believe, in contemporary life. Is it something inevitable under the conditions given, and therefore something certain to appear anywhere under the same conditions? Or is it something peculiar to America and the special genius of its people? If the former, are conditions changing, and, if so, how and why? If the latter, why should Americans be savages, and why should they now suddenly cease to be savages? There is evidently a sociological and psychological problem here as difficult as it is significant. Pending its solution, we would here set down our conviction that, of all crimes committed anywhere by any peoples in modern times, there is none quite so heinously wicked as lynching.

Mr. Lippman, in his recent *Harper's* article, not alone points out a policy for Governor Smith if he becomes the President; he lays out a program for any federal administration, according to the practical gospel of the "wets." The vision of a "wet" gone bleary among his boot-legged cups is, of course, the immediate and final revocation of the 18th Amendment and all its impudent counsels. But Mr. Lippman's kind of wetness has not blinded him to stern realities. He states as final and conclusive: First, the 18th Amendment will not be revoked; secondly, the present Congress will not alter the Volstead Act. His further certainty is that Congress will continue its present parsimony in providing funds for enforcement, which is tantamount to saying that Congress is only politically "dry," and does not propose that the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act shall be taken seriously as national policy. He finally makes the ingenious proposal that the next federal administration shall use what funds Congress does provide for Prohibition enforcement in states where there is adequate popular sentiment to make the attempt justify the expenditure. This is ingenious, indeed! It is a practical application of Elihu Root's formula upon which the voters of New York expressed an opinion at a late election, and which had the hearty support of Governor Smith—namely, let each state define intoxicating liquors for itself, under the mandate of the Federal Constitution. Of course this is nullification, and is intended to be. But even so the "wet" cause is doomed. Maybe Mr. Lippman's proposal is the only recourse, after all. Maybe Prohibition will have to wear out the present stubborn opposition. Mr. Lippman's program will enable it to do that, and do it effectually and finally. If "dry" territory can be protected against scandalous invasion by "wet" lawlessness, "dry" educational forces will finish

the business for good and all throughout the so-called "wet" territory, in time, and perhaps in a very short time.

The courage of new missionary leaders in challenging the fundamentals of the missionary propaganda is very heartening. More heartening still is their ability to "get away with it." It was not so a while ago. The heresy now being expressed with increasing freedom was provocation for the traditional course of treatment for heretics. But Stanley High, for example, is not cast out; he is rather exalted in missionary councils. This is probably a tribute to a personality, and a concession to current idolatry of youth. He is a winsome expression, in his own person, of "the revolt of youth." Even conservative church leaders are moved to concede that youth must be given a certain liberty in church leadership. Otherwise the church is doomed, as even they can see. Sherwood Eddy has been telling the Detroit convention of the Student Volunteer Movement that the slogan which inspired the movement is not longer acceptable. The "evangelization of the world in the present generation" is not alone false in its chronology, suggests Mr. Eddy, but it is defective in vision and essence. Not the evangelical but the social aspect of missions must be made central, if not total. Mr. Eddy has been saying this for some time. The only consideration which has saved him has been his personal fortune. His churchly relationship could never have been preserved except by his payment of his own salary. Furthermore, he has for some time been recognized as a free lance, and correct religious circles have sometimes quietly, but sometimes also with a degree of sound and fury, excluded him. Perhaps the most notable sign of the times among all recent incidents is the article of a highly placed missionary, now actually in service on a foreign mission field, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly,* where he challenges evangelistic propaganda directly and positively. Proselytism, he declares, is no proper aim or method of Christianity. To turn its agencies into instruments of proselyting is to do despite to the system which inspires them. Verily, the world do move.

Social philosophers ever more insistently warn against the fell influence of institutionally independent fragments of the community. Yet the fragments multiply and rivet their institutions ever more tightly upon the body social. Our two old political parties were never so hopelessly incapable of responsible government, yet were never before so securely entrenched in our political system. The so-called fraternal orders are not merely brotherly fellowships; they are machines for the formation and control of social policies. The secrecy of most of them enables a few to wield power with the blind support of the entire membership. Sectarianism in religion seems to gain in institutional vigor with its steady loss of rational and spiritual standing. The answer is money, property, amassed in defiance of the community. Sectarianism so flagrantly offends the commonest religious instincts that its institutions could not survive in present-day American society except for their economic bulwarks. They are rich and are getting richer! The same is more or less true of the divisive "fraternal" orders. And the two old parties are buttressed by the clubs and societies and offices which they control and in which they exist. What will happen when this institutional wealth entirely dominates the economic life of the nation, it now requires no very vivid imagination to depict. The issue is imminent, for institutional wealth is invulnerably conservative. When it moves it moves at the speed and with the accumulations of a snow ball. Or, when it does gather speed, its accretions soon attain the proportions of an avalanche. Just when the enlightened religious sense of American society grows convinced of the spiritual blight of sectarianism, the various religious denominations build the walls of property 'round them. Just when independent thinking attains proportions promising a rational political program, rich partisan machines issue orders and we all obey. How long, O Lord, how long?

Christmas Cards

[A Post-Christmas Reflection]

Next to Christmas trees as a problem comes a problem of Christmas cards. Consider a table on which by Christmas morning there have assembled say one hundred and fifty cards of greeting. There is no question about the good will and the actual value of the thought of good will as expressed in the greeting cards. But is that enough? Are Christmas greetings and New Year greetings enough? Why not a Christmas greeting which carries with it something of vital value as an expression of a facet of truth? Will this not in fact be one of the solutions of Christmas card sending—cards that shall carry with them a definite expression in themselves. Not just greetings, but something more.

Of the Christmas cards which have come to me this year, three stand out as possessions to be kept, to be remembered, and to be passed on. I am quoting these below as instances of the possibility of Christmas cards and of Christmas card exchange. The first of these is the Christmas greeting of Mr. and Mrs. John

Haynes Holmes—a lyric by Mr. Holmes, which was printed in a recent issue of this paper:

"Watchman, what of the Night?
'Tis dark, for the moon is down.
But high o'er the roofs of Bethlehem town,
A star like a lantern hung!

"Watchman, what of the Night?
'Tis still, for the houses sleep.
But far on the hills by the folded sheep,
A song like an angel's sung!

"Watchman, what of the Night?
Hark! down the empty street
Comes a beggar pair, with sodden feet,
To knock at the tavern door!

"Watchman, what of the Night?
All's well! In a stable nigh,
The beggar man and his woman lie
Close on the manger-floor!"

The second of these is the card sent out by Mr. and Mrs. John Nolen. Mr. Nolen, a landscape architect of international repute, has chosen Christmas as an occasion in which to pack some message of that civic spirit which characterizes all that he does. On the first page of his Christmas card is the following, quoted from a manuscript dated 1660:

DOGMATIZING

". . . *ders.* And I doubt not but pofterity will find many things, that are now but *rumors,* verified into *practical realities.* It may be fome Ages hence, a voyage to the *southern* unknown *tracts,* yea poffibly the *moon,* will not be mofe ftrange than one to *America.* To them, that come after us, it may be as ordinary to buy a *pair* of *wings* to fly into remoteft *regions;* as now a pair of *boots* to ride a *Journey.* And to conferr at the diftance of the *Indies* by sympathetick conveyances, may be as ufual to future times, as to us in a *litterary* correfpondence. The *reftauration* of gray hairs to *Juvenility,* and renewing the exhaufted marrow, may at length be effected without a *miracle*: And the turning of the now comparatively *defert* world into a *Paradife,* may not improbably be expected from late *Agriculture.* Now thofe, that judge by the . . ."

And on the second page:

"More than two and a half centuries ago Joseph Glanvill predicted changes and inventions that have been realized only in our own time. Mankind is slow to change. Inertia prevails. Initiative is rare. Ideas exist for long periods before they are successfully and widely applied. A distinguished English author has pointed out that the past still dominates our lives. Yet it is into the future we go. Our conveniences, like our thoughts, are retrospective. We travel on roads so narrow that they suffocate our traffic; we hesitate to change towns and cities that are unsuited to our needs; too many of us still live in inconvenient, life-wasting houses, largely out of the love of familiar customs and a dread of strangeness. Our public affairs are cramped by local boundaries. Our habits of speech, our spelling, our weights and measures, our coinage, our religious, moral and political theories, our social customs, all bear witness to the binding power of convention and to the firm grip of the past upon us. And yet, by seeking for operating causes, might it not be possible to throw a searchlight of inference forward as well as backward, and so by the same process of induction discover more of the future?

"The most striking and far-reaching symbol of our immediate future is the airplane. The mastery of the air embodies knowledge, science, skill, courage and a love of adventure—a confidence in new life and faith in the future. Flying makes for better understanding and good will among nations. Thus the right use and development of aviation, its successful adaptation to human needs and human satisfactions, is an inspiring challenge for 1928.

And on the last page of this thrilling Christmas card:

"A day and a night, a day and a night. . . .
Never was man so stark alone!
Behind, no gleam of a homeland light,
Beyond, no share but the black unknown;
The winds of the worlds against his brow,
The chill of the universe on his breath,
Danger a demon beside his prow,
And every moment at grips with death!

* * * *

"A day and a night where the tempests meet,
Each furious mile like a fierce refrain;
The blood of his Viking fathers beat
A wild old melody in his brain;
He would make, as they made, a path for men,
He would fling a trail down the trackless sky. . . .
So it surged in the tumult, again, again,
The luck of Lindbergh that would not die."

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

The third Christmas card bore between Christmas covers a typed story translated by the sender from a German legend of infinite beauty and meaning—a story of two brothers who lived upon adjoining acres, one living on rich land and one on poor land, one brother rich, with many children, one brother poor and childless.

"They have harvested their grain today and set up in shocks great golden sheaves, the fruit of rain and sun and toil. And now that it is night the poor brother at the end of his acre stands and thinks: 'My brother is rich, I well know, but he has so many children, I will give him of my sheaves.' The rich brother stands at the edge of his acre and thinks: 'I have, it is true, many children, but my brother is so poor, I will give him of my goods.'"

And when one saw how one brother was dragging a bundle of sheaves with difficulty over stalk and stubble towards his brother's acre, and how the other brother was straining and struggling to bring to his less fortunate brother a part of the bounty of his harvest, then the land hallowed by such love was seen to be beloved by God and was put to divine use as the site of the holy temple at Jerusalem. For:

"The foundation and four walls and the towers of this, His temple, were built upon the love of man for man, and brother for brother."

This beautiful legend brings to mind the unforgettable last chapter of Bojer's "The Great Hunger"—that chapter in which the man, bereft of his child by his enemy's fierce dog, yet, early in a spring morning of the year following a great drought when there is dearth of seeds, climbs over the separating fence and sows seeds in his enemy's empty wheat field.

The Christmas wish—what is it? That every day of the year shall carry the heart of Christmas: Good will, lack of resentment; the working knowledge that the giving of both cloak and coat, the journey of two miles when but one is asked and the declaration of the human right to turn the other cheek, are literally recipes not only for the good life but for the reasonable life, the Christmas life.

We have a whole year in which to devise cards of greeting such as these which shall give as did these cards something lasting and lovely.

Many inquiries have come regarding the Living

Tree Guild whose work was celebrated in a recent issue of UNITY. For the benefit of those who are interested in the substitution of live trees for dead ones on the Christmas hearth, the address is appended: The Living Tree Guild, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

Mellon may or may not be "the greatest secretary of the treasury since Alexander Hamilton." But we are certain that Wilbur is the worst secretary of the navy since Washington had none at all in his cabinet.

A great moving-picture theatre in New York presented during the recent holidays a special Christmas program for the little folks. In the midst of Santa Claus pageants and other appropriate items, appeared the feature-picture, entitled "Silken Legs"!

The Mohammedan king of Afghanistan, speaking at the principal mosque in Bombay some weeks ago, is reported to have said:

> If you respect the religious susceptibilities of Hindus, they will respect yours. By ridiculing the beliefs of others, you invite ridicule for your own.

Such a message, it is said, was never spoken in any Indian mosque before, and the listeners were amazed. Which is an interesting commentary on Mohammedanism in India!

A bright light is cast upon the character and purpose of Miss Mayo's book, "Mother India," by a statement in the *Indian Daily Mail* to the effect that the Indian Office in London purchased 5,000 copies of the book and distributed them among the right people.

A Norwegian commission of authorities, composed of scholars of five neutral countries—Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, Finland and Norway—has been investigating secretly the question of War Guilt, and has just published its findings. Needless to say, in view of all we now know, this commission exonerates Germany of the charge of sole guilt as laid down by the Treaty of Versailles. It also declares this Treaty to be "contrary to all principles of law recognized by civilized peoples."

All the new 1928 models of automobiles advertise "higher speed." On the theory, we suppose, that since we are going to destruction anyway, we might as well arrive as quickly as possible!

J. H. H.

What Is Your Life?

(An Answer)

Shall I Be I, Out Yonder?

Shall I be I, out yonder,
Where silence reigns supreme;
Shall I be I, I wonder,
Or am I but God's dream?

When death shall come and take me
Shall I be gone for aye;
Will life itself forsake me
Forever and a day?

Am I but as God's candle,
That burns out in a night;
Am I but as a handle
For God to hold a light?

* * *

If I be I, out yonder
Shall my life be all a song;
No storm cloud with its thunder,
No day that hath its wrong?

If I be I, out yonder
Shall my mind be void of thought;
While I only sit and ponder
O'er the lessons I've been taught?

If I be I, out yonder
Shall I my race have run;
And I not free to wander
Beyond the setting sun?

Must I be I, out yonder,
Where silence reigns supreme:
If I my lot might number
I had rather be God's dream.

I had rather be God's candle,
And burn out in a night;
I had rather be a handle
For God to hold a light.

Have I My Work Out Yonder?

Have I my work, out yonder
Where silence reigns supreme;
Have I my task, I wonder,
To pull against the stream?

Am I to do God's thinking,
With Him to work and plan;
From toil nor sorrow shrinking
As we build the soul of man?

Is my task in His Vineyard
To dig and plant and prune;
To weigh upon His steelyard
His grapes in heat of noon?

Am I to fetch and carry
To workmen on the wall;
And will the task I marry
My energy enthral?

Is there a God, out yonder,
Sore troubled and beset;
In waters doth he flounder,
Is He faint and cold and wet?

Doth He cry to me for aid
Across the seas of doubt;
Must I Death's waters wade,
That I may help Him out?

Is there a God who needs me,
Then let Him tell me so.
When from this flesh Death frees me,
I'm His for weal or woe.

I care not for His heaven,
I do not fear His hell;
But if to me is given
His work, then all is well.

—*Algernon Sidney Crapsey.*

Foreign Drama and Liberal Religion

It will be remembered that the Revolution in France cast out the old religion and enthroned the goddess of reason. This happened as a result of the activity of the rationalists, most important of whom was Voltaire. It has become fashionable to sneer at Voltaire unduly. Without his critical activity we should not be as far along the path of progress as we are. He did sweep out the old cobwebs of superstition and cleared the ground for constructive work. It is equally true that his own constructive ideas were brilliant, although not altogether feasible.

Voltaire realized that the church service did have a certain value, that it yielded an uplift that society could hardly afford to give up. He dreamed of substituting the theater for the church as the proper agency to accomplish this end. His argument had weighty support from the history of the theater. The ancient Greeks had developed a wonderful religious drama. It seemed plausible enough that history might repeat itself.

The French under Moliere had developed a comedy of which any nation might be proud. Here also was a drama that had a certain religious significance, for did it not wage eternal warfare with shams, conventionality, hypocrisy and cant? Had not Moliere been the most effective preacher that the French had ever produced and did it not seem logical that the actor might drive the minister out of his position in France?

There are a number of reasons why Voltaire's program was doomed to failure. The French drama, on the whole, lacked spiritual values. Rationalism was too shallow to supply these and therefore the church continued to attract those who craved the spiritual uplift, while the theater continued to attract those who cared for amusement and diversion rather than inspiration. In order to see this quite clearly it is only necessary to recall how Voltaire staged Shakespeare in France. His mangled versions lacked all the deeper spiritual values of the original. They were no longer to be taken seriously. In fact, they were quite as bad as the moving picture versions of some of the masterpieces of literature that are put upon the screen today.

The rationalism of the French, however, received a severe check in Germany. The great critical philosopher Kant and many of his followers opposed the old dogmatism of the church, but rescued the religious attitude. Kant taught that we cannot be positive about God, but that it is a matter of good common sense to assume that he exists. Kant, moreover, gave us a new conception of morality as binding and inspiring as any taught by the ancient church. This was the principle of the categorical imperative, which stated that a man was immoral who did not live up to the highest possibilities in him.

Stimulated by this philosophy, a new group of writers arose who created again a drama of spiritual values, a drama of real religious content. Here belongs the work of Goethe and Schiller. Their dramas concern themselves with the eternal question of the soul's salvation. They insist on intelligence in religion, and maintain the religious attitude. They write dramas the performance of which would not desecrate any church on earth.

What must a man do in order to save his soul, according to these writers? He must work for the general good, striving for a state of society where all will be free and all will serve the common good. Their god, not an old man sitting on a cloud, but an all-embracing spirit, manifests himself especially in the wonders of nature all about us. They conceive of the salvation of the soul as an eternal struggle for betterment, stagnation and indolence as tantamount to damnation.

What Voltaire had dreamed of for the French actually began to take shape in Germany. The enlightened liberals left the old churches and sought their spiritual uplift in the theaters. They have continued to do this until the present time. For this reason Unitarianism has not made much progress in Germany. There are a few so-called free congregations in the larger cities, but the theater so adequately caters to the spiritual needs that they are practically superfluous.

Long after the firm establishment of the liberal religious attitude so wonderfullly expressed in Goethe's "Faust," the same principle became recognized in England and America. We celebrated the centenary two years ago, hence it is quite easy to remember that our peculiar views were just beginning to get a foothold in 1825.

The English and quite especially the American Unitarian movement seemed quite unconscious of what had happened in Germany in this connection. Unitarians felt that they had just discovered the pantheistic universe and that the conception of an all-pervading spirit had surely not occurred seriously to any one before. This gave them the zeal of pioneers and accounts for the remarkable growth of the movement in the glorious days of Channing, Parker, Lowell, Whittier and Samuel Longfellow.

It has been fortunate in certain respects that Unitarianism in America was closely allied with Puritanism. Unitarians have been self-respecting. They have maintained high standards of morality. As a result they have been successful economically and have commanded respect even where their views have not found very much favor.

In Europe liberal movements frequently have attracted to themselves followers who have found in liberalism an excuse for moral license. The Unitarian movement has been largely saved from this embarrassment on account of the puritan atmosphere that has clung to its worship. It is quite clear that this is not altogether an advantage. Too many of them feel that joy is more or less wicked.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, liberal religious ideas had permeated European thought rather completely. The old ideas of a god of vengeance had disappeared and the church had, to a very great degree, lost its disciplinary power. To a less degree were men and women deterred from sin by the fear of divine punishment.

In addition to this shift in theological thought, economic conditions were working an important change in human behavior. The introduction of machinery and the factory system literally transformed society. Thousands of men who had been independent, self-respecting craftsmen became factory hands. Many were even degraded into mere paupers. On the other hand, thousands who had been accustomed to poverty suddenly

found themselves wealthy. Especially the newly rich presented a perplexing problem. Having acquired wealth and leisure, they rarely knew just what to do with either. Frequently they yielded to all kinds of temptation and deteriorated morally. For these individuals the liberal religious views were most convenient, for they made them a justification for their own easy morality.

Americans should exercise the greatest care in their study of the social revolution in Europe. We too passed through the adjustment, but for us it was a simple matter, involving much less tragedy. We were still in the pioneer stage, with free land on our western borders. Whenever a new invention threw men out of work, these men could become self-respecting farmers on the frontier. There were larger opportunities for those who were the victims of the change.

Men suffered unspeakably during the social revolution in Europe, but the women frequently suffered a still more awful fate. Hundreds of daughters of self-respecting craftsmen, finding themselves cut off from any means of livelihood were consigned to a life of shame. These women naturally enough became the victims of the newly rich who basked in the sunshine of their new freedom. Shoddy writers and thinkers dignified this license into a new philosophy. They taught that licentiousness was a mark of ability, that wildness developed the latent powers. One of this school said: "What would have become of Shakespeare had he beeen a good boy? He meant to infer that Shakespeare was not a good boy and therefore became a great man.

This attitude soon pervaded all strata of society. It was attractive to artists, actors, and musicians. It appealed to students who readily seized upon it to justify their youthful lack of restraint. It began also to corrupt the professional classes. Two groups remained comparatively free from its influence. The ultra pious who had never given up the idea of the avenging God, and the respectable portion of the laboring class who were curbed by their poverty and the restraints of their family ties. In addition to these two classes, of course, there were many individuals of an innate sense of decency who refrained from the general vulgarity which was asserting itself.

It is not difficult to imagine what kind of amusements such a society would seek. This is the fertile soil from which sprang the French ballet with its multiplicity of naked legs. Here originated the vaudeville with its senseless combinations of skill and vulgarity. Here again those artistic abominations that are called extravaganzas, calculated to tease the jaded nerves of the newly rich and the morally vicious.

This is the portion of the European drama of which the average American thinks when the subject is mentioned in polite society, for the average American has remained blissfully ignorant of the potent figures that have appeared in this field and have molded the best of European opinion.

When conditions seemed to be at a rather low ebb, a Norwegian liberal appeared who was destined to play an important part in the world's drama. Henrik Ibsen was one who was not willing to sacrifice the good of the past in shaping his new liberalism. Appalled at the vice of his time he began to preach a new gospel; that it is the duty of everyone to live in such a manner as to make the future better as a result of his existence. Such a program made it essential to return to many of the old virtues which had been rather lightly discarded.

At first Ibsen worked with indifferent success. He lacked the necessary dramatic skill to make himself effective. Moreover men and women were not too anxious to listen to dramas that resembled sermons. Last, but not least, it is more comfortable to remain indolent when vices that are dear to us are attacked. Whipped into a fury by the indifference of the multitude, Ibsen mustered all of his skill and in almost a supernatural frenzy hurled drama after drama at the public in which he held up the vices of the times to ridicule, and pointed the way again to higher standards of conduct.

Passionately fond of the scriptures, although he was not a churchman, he drew theme after theme from the Bible. It would be quite easy to supply biblical titles to every drama that Ibsen has written, so deeply was he immersed in its idealism.

He treated with fine scorn those liberals who pandered to vice. He had nothing but contempt for the liberal who had never accomplished anything himself—yet was bent upon reforming the world. With our own American Whitman he called out to these: "Reformer—reform yourself."

A brief resume of the theses of his most important plays should be recalled:

In "Ghosts" he not only preaches that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the sons, but he gives the even greater injunction, *"Thou shalt not lie."* In "An Enemy of the People," he asserts that a man must be true to himself and his highest ideals in order to rear the proper kind of a family and to be really effective in the society of which he is a part.

In a "Wild Duck" he flays the flabby idealism that tries to do good, but from lack of insight and character always does infinite harm.

In "A Doll's House" he maintains that every human being, even a woman, has the right of self-realization in so far as it is compatible with the common good. "The Lady From the Sea" in turn stresses the fact that no human being can lead a wholesome life without real work and responsibility.

In "Rosmersholm," he flays the liberal who is deficient in positive, constructive activity, the type that is bookish, theoretical and inactive.

In "Hedda Gabler" he preaches a new aristocracy; to quote: "not the old aristocracy of blood, not the aristocracy of money, not even the aristocracy of intelligence, but the aristocracy of character."

This is followed by "The Master Builder," in which he holds up to everlasting ridicule the man who does not work honestly at his profession, but builds his success by various kinds of spurious methods.

"Little Eyolf" presents the man who mistakes rewards for real merit, the one who works for honors instead of the good that he might really accomplish. As a student he had worked for grades and prizes, as a man he utterly fails to fit into the larger scheme of things.

"John Gabriel Borkman" presents a man who in spite of complete disaster in his family and his profession remains true to the best ideals of his life, and finally in "When We Dead Awaken," he presents the man who has had every outward success that the world has to offer, but is nevertheless a failure because he does not live up to the best that is in him.

As will readily be seen, this was really a great series of sermons cast in dramatic form. Not one of

these dramas was intended to entertain, but they attempted to make people think seriously of the great moral problems.

Constructed with all the skill of the great dramatic artist, they had the power to revolutionize the thought of the period. But there was one great difficulty in the way of Ibsen's influence. He was a Norwegian and wrote in Danish, consequently his works at first could appeal to a very small circle. Fortunately all of his works were promptly translated into the German and performed on the German stages which commanded the best managers and best actors in the world. Again the German stage had gained in seriousness, again it was a step nearer to real religious drama. Ibsen became a veritable cult in Germany and soon inspired a whole circle of dramatic writers to follow in his footsteps.

Meanwhile another powerful influence was at work. Richard Wagner reformed the musical drama. Inspired by the drama of the ancient Greeks, he determined to create a musical drama that might be compared with it.

He waged incessant warfare with the triviality of the older operas. As the Greeks had presented their own past, so he created drama upon drama depicting the great stories of the days of chivalry and a whole cycle presenting the mythology of the North. For these dramas he created a new music which at first staggered but finally won the admiration of the whole world. For them he created a new poetry which did not depend upon jingle, but relied upon the conception, the deeper meaning, the expressiveness, and the rhythm. For them he created a new stage far more impressive than anything that had been witnessed before, every scene being constructed with the same care that a painter exercises in composing a picture. For them he created a new audience, one that comes to the theater in the spirit of devotion, one willing to co-operate with the actors in order to make the play a success.

Two things primarily, however, are to be considered when we try to fathom the miracle that Wagner accomplished. He brought the religious atmosphere into the theater by putting strongly significant things on the stage. He staged scene after scene that had had religious value to our ancestors. He did not even shrink from depicting the holy supper and Jesus in the guise of Parsifal. Most important of all, however, he told all of the old stories in such a way that they portrayed the philosophy of his own time. Men and women who heard his dramas could revel in the problems that were vexing them in real life.

We of a later generation marvel at this. We do not believe in Wagner's philosophy. He was a pessimist and since Browning, Tennyson, Nietzsche, we have become optimists. We still enjoy his operas as the most perfect expression of pessimism in modern art, but we no longer share that devotion which they received in their own day. One thing is certain, however, that to Wagner belongs the credit of having put the stage back to a position of religious significance.

Important as Ibsen and Wagner were to the development of German drama, they were after all the great pioneers only. With all of his technical skill, Ibsen remained too much of a preacher to be entirely effective. Great art does preach, but it preaches by indirection. Ibsen consciously stifled his poetic vein, and poetry, after all, is the natural vehicle for the expression of religion. Whenever we feel intensely enough our prose naturally falls into meter and even into rhyme.

The great period of German drama appeared when poetry again asserted itself and when men resolutely broke away from the pessimism of Wagner. Even Ibsen had been doubtful of this pessimism. He constantly preached the gospel of joy, and asserted again and again that he was an optimist, even if he objected to much that he saw in the world about him.

A new group of dramatists arose who openly adopted the cult of laughter, who preached that the world would move forward if the good elements in it would resolutely get into the struggle and do their share. They turned their backs on the past and looked steadily toward a new future, a future to be made glorious by our own efforts. They set up a new morality: *What is good for the race in the long run is right.* Every one is base morally who does not, in every act, conform to this code.

Shallow critics, who did not go below the surface of things, thought that this new preachment meant a relaxing of moral standards. The opposite is true. It really meant the establishment of the most severe standard of morality that had yet been evolved.

Quite as significant as this new philosophy was the new psychology that had arisen in Germany. Fechner and a whole host of followers established a new science. Orthodox thought had always worked with the theory that the soul—the mind—was a distinct entity, placed in the human body as a jewel might be placed in a casket. Now came the science of physiological-psychology which demonstrated that good thinking is a matter of good brain centers and good nerve centers.

Psychology in a few decades became a real science. Not only this, but it came to be recognized as the basic science, the science upon which all other sciences and life itself depends.

We have seen how one thing after another had been put on the psychological basis. Teaching was the first interest to feel this. The business man soon realized that he must reckon with it. The physician had always tried to do so—now he had something like a reliable foundation for his attempts. We feel at last that we must revise the law and its practice in accordance with this science. We liberals would do well to relate religion with it, for there if anywhere lies the religion of the future.

It was fortunate that the most important poet of the new era, Gerhart Hauptmann, was an exponent of the new science. If anyone ever was favored by circumstances, this poet certainly was. The son of a hotel-keeper who was an expert practical psychologist of the old school—he was also the brother of a man trained in the psychological laboratories with all the expert knowledge available.

This man has given us a whole series of plays in which he interprets life and its conflicts from the psychological point of view. Here we find problems growing out of the social revolution. Man in conflict with society. Men and women in the perplexing struggle of our complex modern life. Here we have life analyzed from the lowest ranks of pauperism to the exalted heights of the savant and the ruler of men, with the aid of science, but never by means of scientific terminology.

The outstanding characteristic of Hauptmann is his uncanny, all embracing sympathy. No character

is too good, none too mean to call for his patient analysis. As we read his dramas, we feel that the characters are inevitable—that they could not possibly have been other than they are. This is due to the fact that he traces the mental reactions to the ancestry and carefully depicts the full force of the environment of each character. So cleverly is this done that some critics have accused the poet of determinism.

The determinist believes that we are products solely of our heredity and environment. If that is true there is no place for individual initiative and we become mere puppets. Nothing is farther removed from Hauptmann's point of view. These foolish critics ignore the main current of his philosophy, that we must create a new world by means of our efforts.

A very large number of Hauptmann's plays deal with the family tragedy. In addition to the social revolution many factors have entered into modern life that make the harmonious life of a husband and wife precarious. Woman has risen to a position of independence economically. She has entered into economic competition with man. In the good old days men and their wives were the products of the same or of a similar environment. All this is changed. What makes the problem most difficult is that in the period of adolescence young people are pretty much alike and readily fall in love with each other. Later their traditions assert themselves; they become different and the problem of a common life becomes difficult, perplexing, impossible.

The natural result of these conditions was that the family relationship began to be taken more lightly. Many thinkers concluded that modern society must reckon with the breaking of the family ties. Hauptmann, along with other advanced thinkers, was not of this opinion, but held that the family is the basis of all civilization and must be saved in the interest of society. In a whole series of masterly dramas he arrays with unerring skill the causes for family tragedy. Nowhere does Hauptmann propose a remedy. He is like a skilled diagnostician who states the case instead of proposing a remedy, but he seems to have the idea that the solution will be reached by intelligent creatures if they can find out what is wrong.

One of the great problems of modern life is its complexity. It was easy enough to remain balanced in the good old idyllic days when life presented no very startling problems. Modern life shakes us not only out of our old creeds, but also out of the old living conditions. Life in a city flat is far more complex than life on a pioneer farm. Our adjustments even to the mechanical processes of modern life are at times difficult. There was a time when everyone shared in the same education. Today we have elective courses, and the reading of every individual differs quite radically from that of every other. Not a day passes but the individual is asked to readjust himself to altering conditions. It becomes clear at once that such adjustments put a heavier strain upon the individual. One might be tempted to say that modern life makes the battle for sanity more difficult.

At this juncture, Hauptmann's works play an important part. By their careful analysis of mental reactions, they assist us in understanding how mental equilibrium and sanity can be maintained. This is peculiarly true of the remarkable dream dramas that Hauptmann has constructed. Orderly dream life is the result of orderly thinking. Distorted dreams are the result of pathological conditions. By tracing out for us into their minutest details these dream phenomena, the author places into our hands one of the safest guides toward that enlightened rationalism which enables us to order our life by controlling our mental processes not only in our conscious but even our subconscious state. As we think so we may be able to feel; as we think and feel, so we are. If we control these activities, we have the means of really building character.

Last, but not least, Hauptmann places before us great examples of men and women who have battled with the perplexing conditions of life and have solved its problem in a noble and satisfying manner; placing before us again great ideals to be realized in this modern world. With him, German drama has reached a level never before attained. It is as though Goethe had been reincarnated and supplied with the modern means of investigation and research—as if he had been endowed with the dramatic instinct to such a degree that his dramas give us the impression of having been taken bodily from life itself.

It is not surprising that under these conditions the great body of liberal German thinkers find their inspiration in the theater. Here they have artistic atmosphere, they have music of the highest order to satisfy their spiritual craving.

At this point I wish to revert to our own problems in America. We have seen that Unitarianism prospered in New England because Unitarians were respectable; because they adhered to the Puritan standards of conduct. We have seen that America was less affected by the social revolution; that there was less sex immorality, and that the Unitarian movement was never contaminated by unsound liberalism of this character. The Unitarian worried little about the tottering standards of morality, for nothing had especially upset our standards.

The economic revolution had produced one result of outstanding importance. The accumulation of great wealth in the hands of the few had led to a rather sharp conflict between those who profit and those who labor. The great labor problem broke upon America. Individual ministers in Unitarian churches hailed this labor movement as a chance for infusing new life into our movement, but the church as a whole has stood aloof from it primarily because a very large number of Unitarians in the various churches belong to the wealthier class; and it was therefore considered rather unwise for ministers to interest themselves in the problem. Vicious economic conditions certainly do undermine spirituality. Economic reform in the long run does make for righteousness and spirituality, but we of the Unitarian persuasion have been rather bashful in our attempts in this connection. This is not altogether a misfortune. Real religious problems lie considerably beyond mere economic conditions. It is possible to become so involved in the economic struggle that we forget all about the more important spiritual values.

Even the most casual glance at Ibsen and Hauptmann shows us that the European liberal has been far more serious in his study of spiritual questions. What must a man do and be in order to be saved is the eternal problem that should vex us. We have been satisfied with a certain amount of denial, with a dash of modern doctrine, without perplexing ourselves very much about the real issues. What have we added to the thought of Parker and Emerson in the last fifty

years of Unitarianism? We are content to read our rather watery magazines; we are satisfied with our shoddy journalism; we are unwilling to enter into the serious consideration of those questions which might later lead us to a new liberalism.

The young liberals in Europe are battling with these questions. Our young people are content with the repetition of the complexities of yesterday. It is nothing short of appalling that we continue to perform the inane plays of the last generation in our church entertainments, while in Europe, a new dramatic literature has been produced which voices all of the things for which we are striving. Is it not about time that our Unitarian churches should begin to take some little interest in this remarkable literature which has come to be recognized by the great critics of the world?

The German liberal seeks the theater with its productions of Wagner, Strauss, Ibsen, and Hauptmann. Here he finds an atmosphere of joy and buoyancy even if the subject matter may be somber. Even if the drama presented is a tragedy of the most overwhelming nature, there is a satisfying atmosphere vitally different from that of most of our churches. Beautiful stage pictures satisfy the eye. Music of the highest order caters to the best spirituality in one. Here, our liberal churches suffer by comparison. There is a hopelessness and despondency in them that repels all people of normal, buoyant nature. There is a lack of beauty in the buildings. The music is crude, the hymnology lacks vital elements. Too many of our hymns are like little sermonettes addressed to Providence instead of the spontaneous utterance of some great poet. Not until all of these elements rise to the true artistic level can we hope to appeal to our members in America as strongly as the theater appeals to the liberal German today.

One other vital difference exists between the European and the American situation. An independent thinker can attend the best theaters, can extract from them all of the spiritual benefit without in any way binding himself to a creed. Too frequently membership in our church carries with it the idea that we are lined up with some creedal element, after all. This is due very largely to the fact that the intellectual and spiritual character of our church depends upon the minister who chances to represent the church. We should make an attempt to have it more fully understood that creeds are a matter of the individual and not of the organization; that anyone has a chance to get out of our service whatever he can, and that membership under no conditions imposes fetters of belief upon the members.

The church should give full opportunity for free discussion. We must have a chance to talk back at the minister. We must have conferences which will bring to light our many dissenting views. Only then can we become a really vital factor in the life of our times.

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The Foreign Policies of the European Cabinets, 1871-1914

[By our Special Correspondent]

For centuries what we call history was little more than a collection of anecdotes and legends, often rather absurd, and for this reason it inspired a certain skepticism. Latterly, however, it has begun to attain to more reliability in that it has become increasingly possible to write a story of events founded upon evidence, and especially, in so far as foreign policy is concerned, upon diplomatic documents, that is to say upon the correspondence exchanged between Governments and their representatives abroad.

But usually diplomatic documents are not made public in their entirety until long after the events to which they refer. Thus we find that in France the whole of the documents dealing with the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 are not even yet made public. So long as such diplomatic documents remain unpublished they form a kind of secret museum. Their contents are only divulged to privileged individuals who for that very reason are subject to discretion. Consequently the famous "judgment of history" is only rendered long after the chief actors in the scenes and the generations which experienced them have disappeared from this earth, and when the events in question are no longer of interest to any but a few bookworms.

The War, or to use the language of John Ewart, "the wars" of 1914, already exceptional from so many points of view, differ strangely also from other wars in that scarcely ten years after their conclusion, their origins and the circumstances which brought about their outbreak can be studied on evidence by all who choose to do so, and of all the wars of history, they are the ones for which the degrees of responsibility can be determined with the greatest certainty.

On one hand the Russian revolutionaries have delivered to the world the archives of the diplomats of the Tsarist regime, which seemed, as M. Judet happily remarks, as inviolable as a Pharaoh's tomb. And on the other the German and Austrian Republics have opened to public inspection the archives of the Imperial Governments which they have replaced, thereby delivering up documents which when written must have seemed as little likely to see the light of day as those of the Russian Government itself. Although of the highest possible interest the Soviet publications have unfortunately been issued in fragments and without preconceived plan. The Austrian Republic is forbidden by the "Peace" treaty to publish its pre-war documents without first obtaining the consent of the other States amongst which the old Austro-Hungarian Empire has been divided up. Certain of these states have excellent reasons for preferring that silence shall be maintained on the subject and so Austria has perforce been limited to the publication of the documents relating actually to the immediate outbreak of War.

The German Government alone has published as a consecutive work, and with the thoroughness and method typical of this people, the whole of the diplomatic documents from the foundation of the Empire in 1871 down to the war of 1914. And as they had already published immediately after the war the still more important documents relating to its outbreak, it can now claim to have issued to the public everything

concerning German policy which an International Supreme Court would require for an enquiry into the responsibilities of the world war. The evidence is contained in forty volumes comprising thirteen thousand documents, all classified and arranged in such a manner as to facilitate their study as much as possible.

I leave it to others to discuss the historical value of this publication; what I wish to call attention to here is the moral significance. This Germany which thus exposes to the world the complete story of its foreign policy during forty years, is the country which has almost universally been accused of having wickedly plotted during these same forty years to establish by force her hegemony over the world.

One would naturally imagine that the enemies of Germany who used and spread this accusation were also going to open their archives to inspection. Somewhat late in the day the British Government has decided to do so and it began their publication just as Germany finished hers. But the French Government, which is the chief author of the accusation and which still pretends that the German plot was directed especially against France, gives no sign of publishing anything at all.

Imagine that one had before one two individuals each accusing the other of theft. One of them empties his pockets and the other keeps his tight closed whilst continuing to shout that he has been robbed. The French Government is in the position of the second individual. Although the German documents lie on the table for all to read, France refuses to publish her own but continues to accuse Germany of being alone responsible for the war. She even forbids Germany to defend her point of view.

"One of the conditions of a change of attitude in France towards Germany," said Poincaré a few days after the Thoiry conversations, "is that she shall not attempt to exonerate the Imperial Government of its responsibility for the war."

Moreover in France nobody waxes indignant or even professes astonishment. For that matter how many people in France know that Germany has published her archives? During the five years that this monumental publication has been in course of preparation who has informed the French public about it? Such a clean and honest thing, our civilization! The more the means of information are multiplied and speeded up the more ignorant is the public kept of what it ought to know. Minute by minute we are kept informed of every detail of a boxing match which takes place on the other side of the world. But as to the real causes of the war the effects of which still shake the planet and from which it does not deserve to recover, we are as completely blindfolded as the miserable hacks of the bull ring. There is only this difference, that the horse does not claim to see clearly and does not protest that he dies in the cause of justice and liberty for horses.

We must then salute with respect the termination of the great work of the German historians. But I have one regret to express. Would it not have been infinitely better had all this correspondence been made known to the Germans and to the other peoples at the very time of despatch? Forewarned is forearmed, we are told. Had they been able to see in black and white that a European war, the very idea of which was a nightmare, might thus quickly develop from the Balkan menagerie, would the German people have allowed themselves to be tied to the lot of Austria, the French people to the lot of Russia and the British to that of France? From the very beginning of the war there were a few of us in France and in England who declared that responsibility lay in the secrecy in which the Governments dealt with international affairs. We proclaimed aloud the absurdity of these so-called democracies in which a minister can with difficulty order "a supplementary expenditure" of twenty francs, or dismiss the humblest civil servant without a mass of formalities, but in which he can, in the privacy of his office, bring about a war which will cost the lives of millions of men and money by billions of dollars. Is not the absolute suppression of secret diplomacy the means by which we should begin the attempt to abolish war?

If every State agreed to inscribe at the head of its Constitution that the political correspondence of its Foreign Ministry would be published officially daily, that any document not so published would be considered legally null and void, and if the most severe penalties were attached to the violation of this agreement, should we not then have a guarantee of Peace more effective and more dignified than the armed dictatorship of the League of Nations? In his "Plan for Permanent Peace" Kant declared that there would be no more war if our rulers were unable to form any plan which they could not openly avow at any moment.

Let us then insist that they do their thinking aloud.

GEORGES DEMARTIAL.

The Study Table

Three Books on Religion

Sir James Marchant's symposium* arouses mingled feelings of admiration and regret. Here we have, on the one hand, a discussion of Christianity on the highest plane of dignity and learning. Fifteen men of various religious faiths, headed by the Rt. Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester, and including one American, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, President of Union Theological Seminary, consider Christianity in relation to other religions, the validity of Christian experience, the doctrines of God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Scriptures, the sacraments, eternal life, the gospel in human society, and the evangelization of the world. The papers are of an exceptionally even order of merit, characterized uniformly by impressive scholarship and reverent spirit; and are put together with a skill which is almost genius. Here is the Christian mind today in its best estate.

It is this exceptional quality of the book which changes admiration into regret. For if this is what the Christian mind in its best estate is thinking today, what hope have we for that "future of Christianity" with which these fine scholars and sincere men are concerned? One fact stands out above all others in this symposium, and that is that the Christian church is still wedded to its dogmatic idols. The Bishop of Gloucester, in his Introduction, boasts that, while science and philosophy have had to be rewritten from age to age,

*"The Future of Christianity," edited by Sir James Marchant. Published by Harper and Brothers.

Christianity "has never varied." The test of thought in this field, he says, is not whether "the truth of Christianity . . . can be harmonized with the Science and Philosophy of the day, . . . but whether it (modern thought) harmonizes with the Christian Revelation." Defining this Revelation, the Bishop speaks of "God, the Revelation of God in Jesus Christ the Son of God, the immanence of God in the world through his Holy Spirit, the supreme value of the Atoning death of Christ, the fundamental principles of Christian Morality," etc. A book which deals with Christianity in such terms condemns itself.

How different, both for better and worse, is Bruce Barton!* This popular religious writer is a problem. All his instincts and purposes are right. He is open-minded, progressive, liberal, up-to-date. He has no use for old dogmas and traditions—would gladly rid Christianity of its impedimenta of bad theology. His best seller, "The Man Nobody Knows," had its great success, we must believe, not because of its essential vulgarity, which was all too manifest, but because of the vigorous way in which it undertook to present Jesus as a real man, not as a sanctimonious, sentimental, semi-deity. The popular successor to this volume, "The Book Nobody Knows," was similarly well received, because it treated the Bible as human literature, not as divine inspiration. Now comes a third book which handles the church in the same refreshing way. The picture of the church of the future in "What Can a Man Believe," is one to delight the heart of every liberal. *But!*—

Bruce Barton is hopelessly ignorant, and he is incorrigibly vulgar. The last book is the most superficial religious book I have ever read in my life—and also the most cocksure. It is religion discussed by a drummer in the smoking compartment. The basic fact about Mr. Barton is at last discovered in this book in his tribute to "Billy" Sunday. For all his liberalism, Bruce Barton is the "Billy" Sunday of the printed page.

Lloyd C. Douglas,† minister of a Congregational Church in Los Angeles, has all of Bruce Barton's virtues, with none of his vices. He is as straightforward, unorthodox, alive as the "Nobody Knows" man, but at the same time he is dignified, well-informed, and reverent. Dr. Douglas would handle religion as freely as Mr. Barton, and bring it just as much up-to-date. But he remembers that a church is not an advertising office, and that there is some difference between literature and publicity copy. His most recent book, "Those Disturbing Miracles," is popular religious thought in the best sense of the word.

Dr. Douglas, as his title indicates, is concerned with miracles. They do not give him over-much concern, so far at least as their historic credibility is in question. He takes the modern scientific viewpoint that miracles never happened—not even the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection—and then asks, What of it? To this he gives two answers. First, there is nothing to it at all! Christianity is not based on miracles, and the loss of these miracles does not in any sense mean the loss of Christianity. On the contrary, Christianity is helped, not hurt, by being relieved of a vast amount of impedimenta which is threatening, in this modern age to sink the ship. Secondly, the miracle stories, once you get away from the silly question of their historicity, have a very real value in a poetical and philosophical sense. These folk-legends are real literature, and are priceless material "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." What can be done with the miracles as symbols or parables of spiritual truth is demonstrated in this book in a brilliant series of chapters. Dr. Douglas's work is an excellent example of popular modernism. We wish a few more of his brethren had his unflinching honesty, his drastic thoroughness, and his refreshing humor.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"What Can a Man Believe," by Bruce Barton. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

†"Those Disturbing Miracles," by Lloyd C. Douglas. Published by Harper and Brothers.

Negro Biographies

There's many a Nordic who has believed his brother in brown limited to a place in the cotton field or kitchen who would become pop-eyed with surprise if he could be induced to read Mary White Ovington's "Portraits in Color."*

Here we have reformers, social workers, missionaries, executive lawyers, bankers, a noted singer, a sculptress, a biologist who has made revolutionary discoveries; an agricultural chemist—who is a genius; poets, novelists, journalists and educators.

In the twenty portraits Miss Ovington has given a cross section of Negro life and revealed its breadth and attainment. The significant thing is that twenty more characters easily could be found for another volume.

As one would expect, the painting is sympathetic, but it has the quality of restraint so much needed now in speaking of the accomplishments of Negroes.

Strange to say, the least vivid portraits in the book are those of the three characters the author knows best. Perhaps she is too near her co-workers to get the proper perspective, or, maybe there were unconscious inhibitions due to fear of showing partiality, but at any rate the portraits of Johnson, White and Du Bois fail to reveal their colorful personalities. You read of their deeds but you don't feel that you know the persons.

Again, one would perhaps think that the reason of this is the supreme difficulty of compressing a personality in a few pages. But the author has done just that in three of her portraits—those of Ernest Just, George Carver, and Max Yergan. Here she makes the reader know her characters; they live. You see the slave boy, George Carver, lonely and thin, making nature his companion and insects and toads his friends. You go with him in his struggle for an education and see him graduate from the university at thirty, shy, lean and tall with stooped shoulders. You watch his dreamer's eyes and his kindly brown face as he wins from nature two hundred uses for peanuts and one hundred for sweet potatoes, and marvelous colors from the common clay. You see his shy modesty under honors heaped upon him by scientific societies, honors offered by the surprised gatherings of whites who hang on his words. You witness his utter indifference to the wealth which could be his for the taking, while shabbily clad, he remains as a teacher of youth at Tuskegee.

And then you gaze upon another of his kind—this time a biologist, Ernest Just, a young man of fine formal training and kindly background, who won

*"Portraits in Color." By Mary White Ovington. Published by The Viking Press. $2.00.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

NICARAGUA—AN APPEAL

To All Labor Organizations:
To All Farm Organizations:
To All Progressive Forces in America!

United States marines have occupied the territory of Nicaragua since December 24, 1926. In May of last year Col. Henry L. Stimson, personal representative of President Coolidge, negotiated a deal with Adolfo Dias and General Jose Maria Moncada on the basis of which "peace" was established—bringing with it the exile of Constitutional President Juan B. Sacasa, continued occupation of Nicaragua by U. S. marines ("to supervise the 1928 elections"), and of course a loan put through by American bankers.

But there was no peace. The great mass of Nicaraguans refused to accept U. S. Military rule, and there can be no doubt that popular sympathy has supported the heroic General Sandino and his Liberal army in their continuation of the struggle. The marines began an extermination campaign against Sandino's "bandits." There followed the bloody massacre of Ocotal—comparable only to Amritzar and Damascus—in which U. S. bombing planes poured round after round of shell into the defenseless village of Ocotal, killing upwards of 300 Nicaraguans—men, women and children.

President Coolidge has insisted that the marines are in Nicaragua only to supervise the 1928 elections. Now, however, an American, Dr. William P. Cumberland, has been made financial dictator in Nicaragua. Negotiations are reported to be under way which will result in new loans totaling $20,000,000 being saddled upon the backs of the Nicaraguan people—with the military and naval forces of the United States serving to guard the imperial investment of the bankers.

Where is the end to this imperialist march of Wall Street and Washington in Latin America? One after another, the little republics of the Caribbean have been subjected. For thirteen years (1913-1925) U. S. marines ruled in Nicaragua. Now, after a brief interregnum, they are back there, digging in, while American financiers and statesmen are completing the structure which can mean only permanent destruction to Nicaraguan independence.

Nicaragua is the test for all those in the United States who declare themselves opposed to the imperialist policy of blood and iron. It is the test which will determine whether or not American imperialism can go forward to the rape of one Latin-American country after another without any effective resistance from the masses of Americans themselves. If the imperialists are allowed to go ahead in Nicaragua there is no crime, no outrage, which they cannot perpetrate in Latin-America under the bloody profit-flag of the Monroe Doctrine!

The All-America Anti-Imperialist League appeals to all labor organizations, to all organizations of farmers, to all organizations of any kind that represent progressive forces in America. *We ask you to join with us in a concerted campaign for the recall of U. S. military and naval forces from Nicaragua, and for an end to all U. S. intervention there.*

Let protest meetings be held! Let the trade unions pass resolutions demanding the recall of the troops! Let petitions be circulated! Let telegrams of protest pour into Washington! Let newspapers open their columns to the campaign! Let committees of investigation be sent to Nicaragua! Spread the truth about Nicaragua far and wide, so that everywhere action may be stimulated! Let every trade-unionist be informed, let every soldier boy know why he is being sent to kill and face death in Nicaragua!

Each organization will participate in this campaign in its own way. The important thing is that it be a concerted campaign, that we all begin to ACT NOW against the crime of Nicaragua and against imperialism.

We urge you most sincerely to take this letter up at the next meeting of your organization. We should appreciate hearing from you as to what decisions your organization may make and to what extent you are willing to co-operate in the campaign.

Yours for united action.

ALL-AMERICA ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE
Manuel Gomez, Secretary,
United States Section.
Room 40, 39 Union Square,
New York.

RESOLUTION

Published by Federal Council of Churches

"We rejoice to learn of the serious study being given by the Department of State and the French Foreign Office to the proposal that France and the United States shall renounce war between them as an instrument of national policy, and we are deeply interested in the resolutions introduced into the Senate and House of Representatives to give that proposal concrete and practical form.

"We welcome the suggestion of the French Government that the Arbitra-

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through college by the strength of brain and muscle, and graduating with honors went on to his doctorate. He walks through the pages, wrapped up in pursuit of truth and in the desire to impart it to youth. He has learned how to change the chromosome numbers in animals through the ultra violet rays, to control these changes and explain the mechanism. This work may affect our conceptions of heredity and sex-determination. It may change our ideas on the mechanism of the mitotic cell division and so affect the cancer problem. He has also found out how living cells take up and hold water—discovery which has important implications not only for biology but for medicine. But he waves aside praise and claims that what he has done is as nothing and hates publicity. What fine pictures of followers of truth!

Miss Ovington's picture of Max Yergan is equally fascinating. This young Christian hero going to India and South Africa to serve the troops, alone keeping up the morale of an army, carrying on in spite of recurrent fever, discriminated against because of color, yet holding aloft the banner of Christ. Trekking through the jungles, kindly and tender, called by the natives by that endearing name—"Man of Me," a second Livingstone, what boy can fail to thrill with his story?

She is at her best in these three portraits; but the whole is worth reading and full of information. At times, her characters indulge in that pollyanna optimism which is the mask the Negro shows a white person, but this is to be expected—for the sketches are written from life.

"Portraits in Color" is a good book to recommend to study classes in Race Relations, and a good book to present to white and Negro youth.

ROBERT W. BAGNALL.

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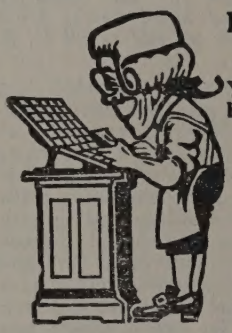

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